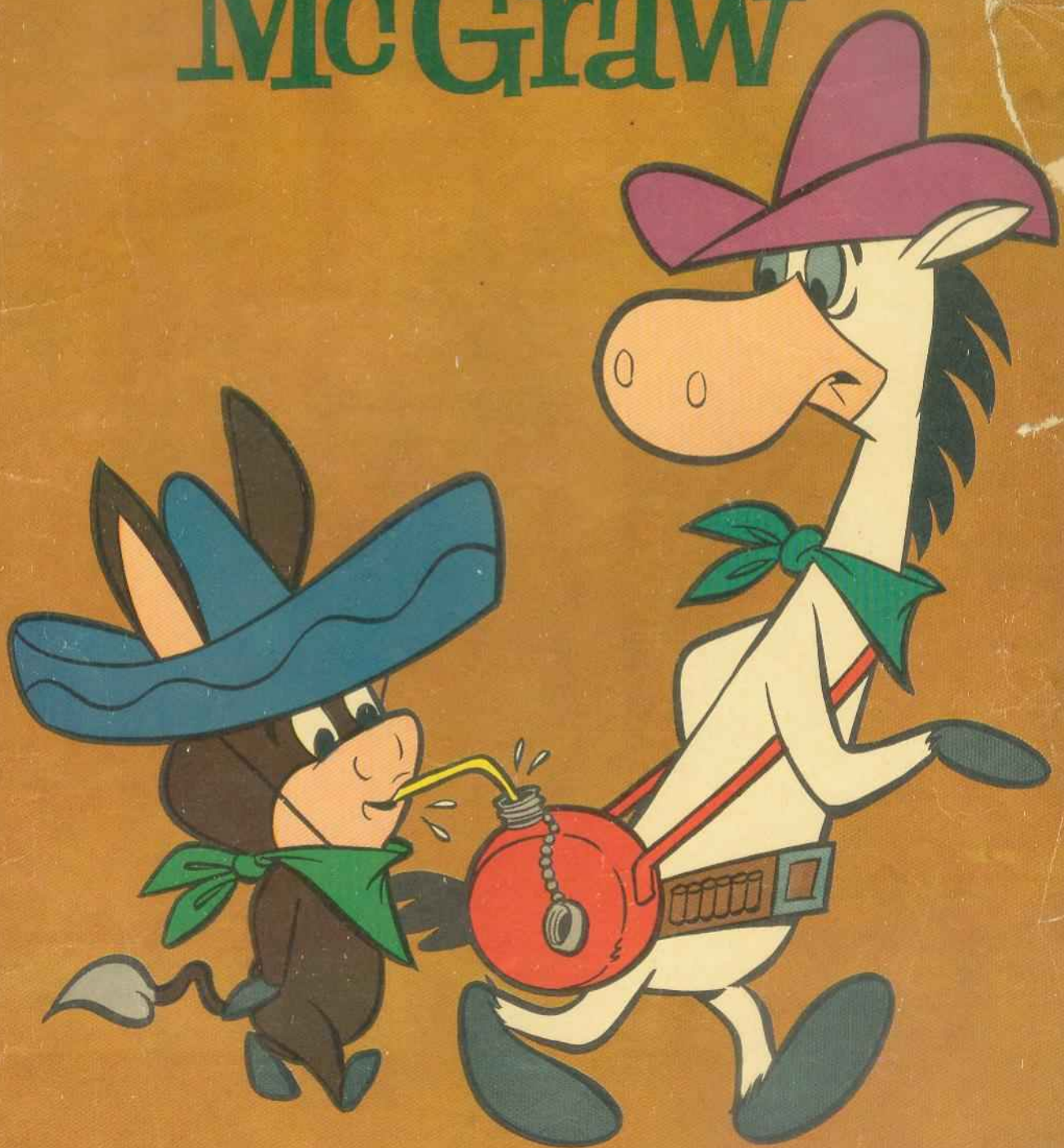




SEPTEMBER

PRIZES-PRIZES-PRIZES! Big Dell Comics Contest Inside!

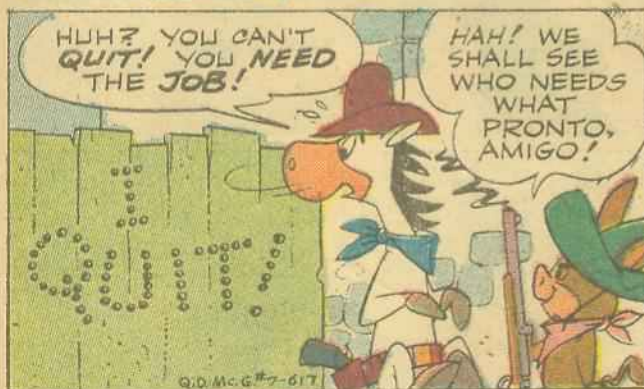
Quick Draw McGraw



Plus New, Exciting Dell Trading Post of Great Values!

QUICK DRAW
McGRAW

DOUBLE TROUBLESHOOTERS



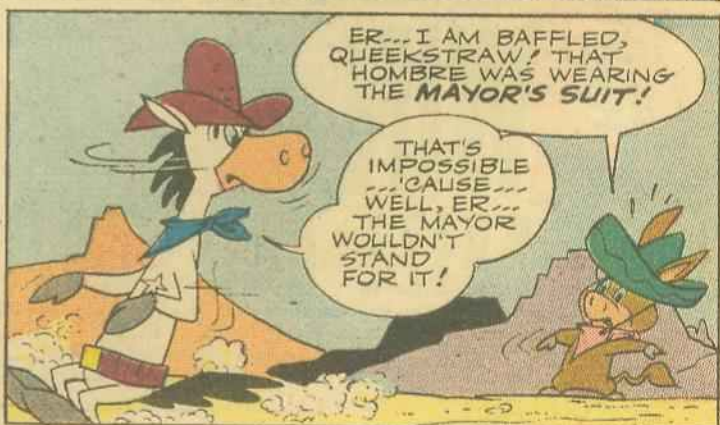
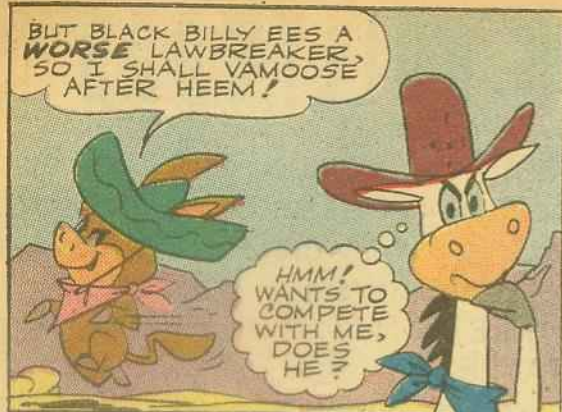
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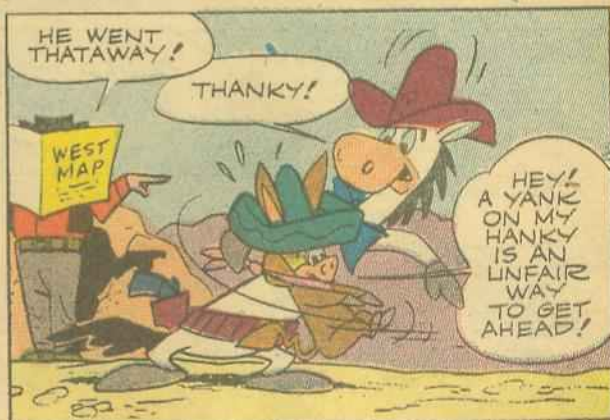
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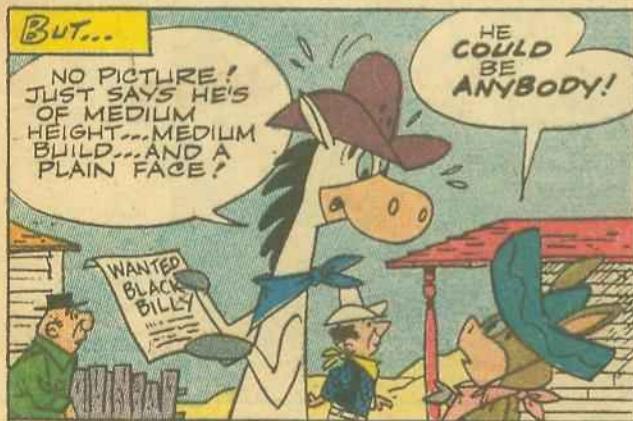
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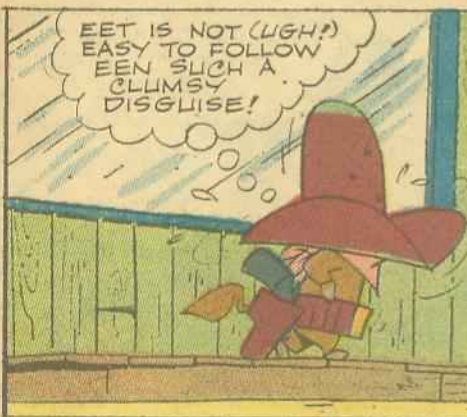


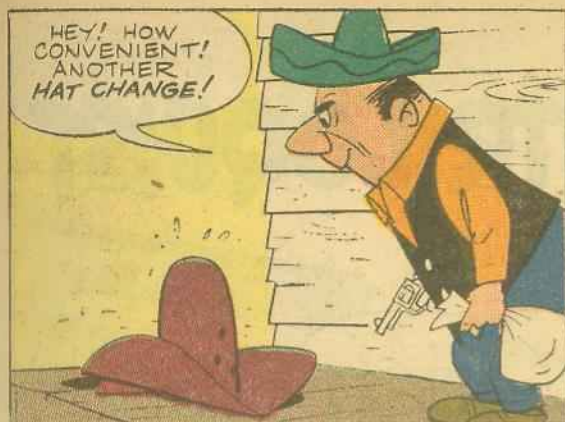












SNOOPER and BLABBER

The VEXED VENTRILOQUIST













**QUICK
DRAW
MCGRAW**

TOO MANY CROOKS

GOLLIES,
QUEEKSTRAW,
SO THEES IS THE
FAMOUS
TEXAS JACK'S
CATTLE RANCH!

THAT'S RIGHT,
BABA LOOEY!
I HEARS HE HAS
MORE CATTLE
THAN A BEACH
HAS SAND!

T-J-C-RANCH

I WONDER WHAT
HE WANTS TO
SEE US ABOUT?

I DON'T
KNOW,
BUT THIS
NOTE FROM
HIM SAYS
IT'S URGENT!

AH HA—QUICK DRAW MCGRAW!
YOU'VE COME AT LAST!

I WOULD'VE BEEN
HERE SOONER
EXCEPT I
STOPPED FOR A
SASSYPARILLY!

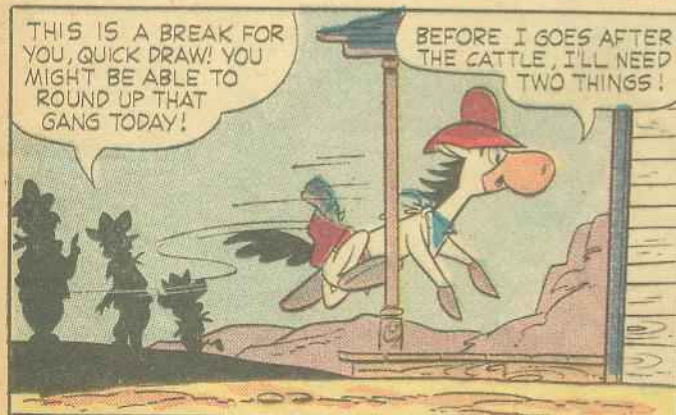
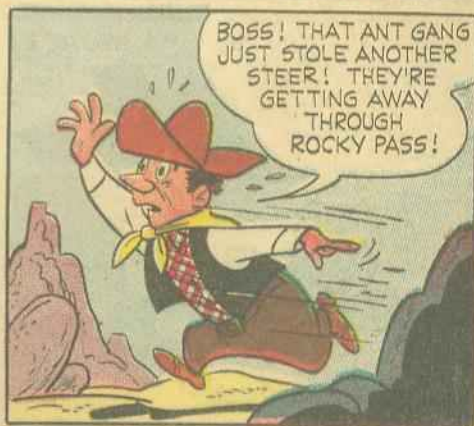
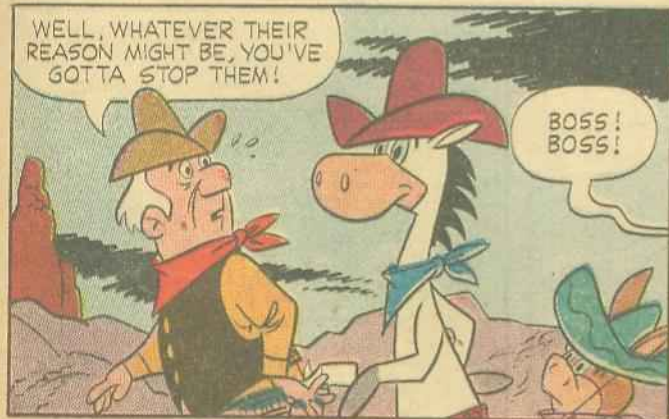
THA'S A
WESTERN
ROOT BEER!

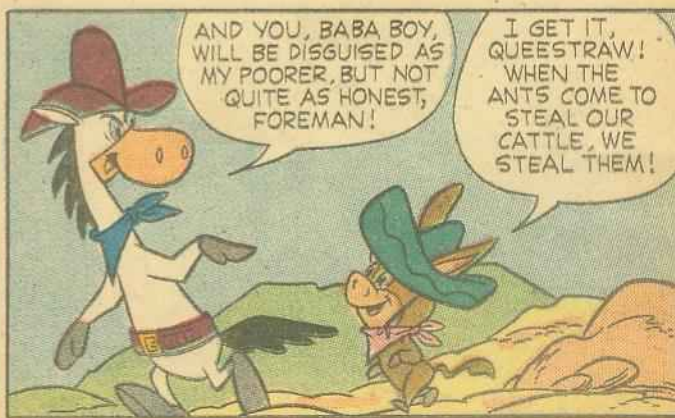
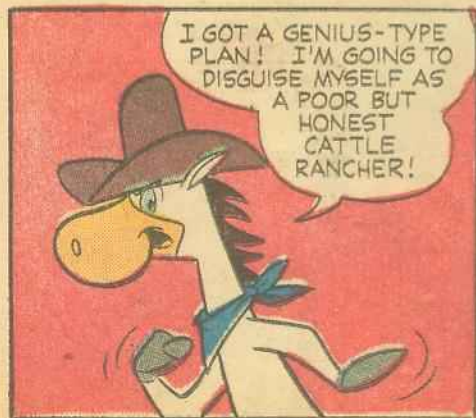
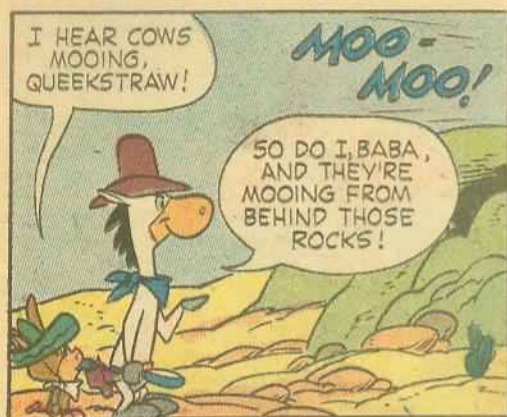
QUICK DRAW, I SENT FOR YOU
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO CAPTURE
A GANG OF RUSTLERS FOR ME!

CATCHIN' CATTLE
RUSTLERS IS
MY SPECIALTY!
TELL ME, HOW MANY
ARE IN
THEIR
GANG?

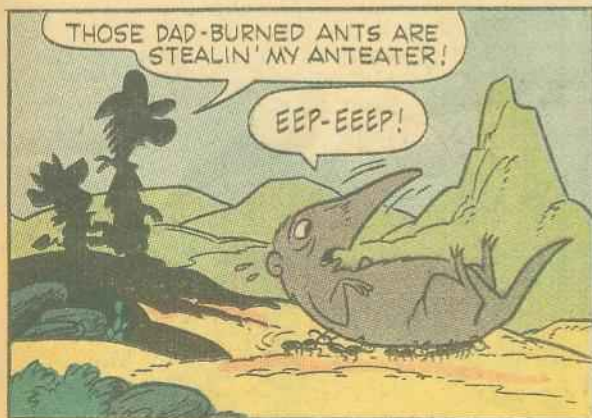
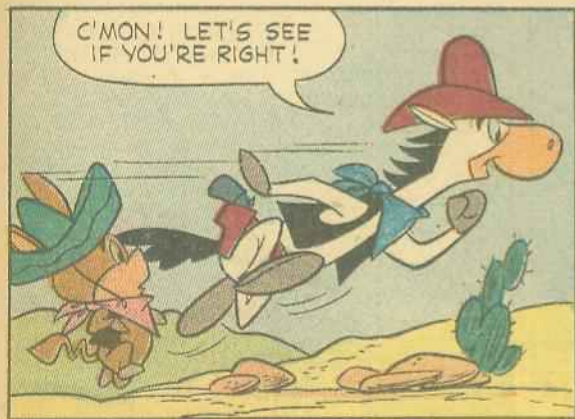
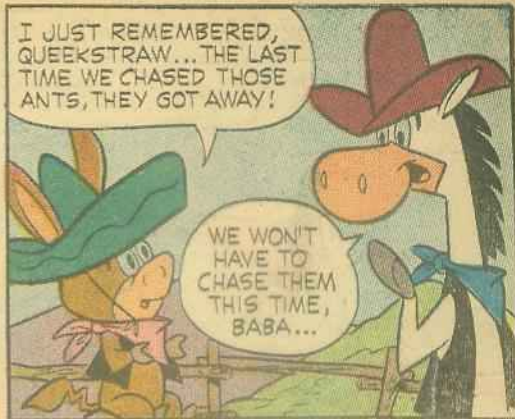
OH, I'D SAY BETWEEN
SIX AND TEN MILLION!

WELL, NOW,
THERE'S A
COUPLA NICE
ROUND
FIGGERS...

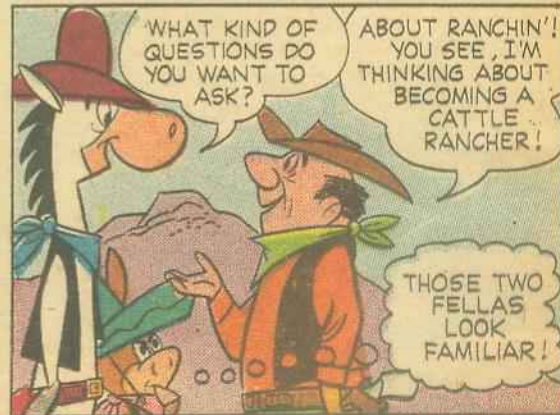
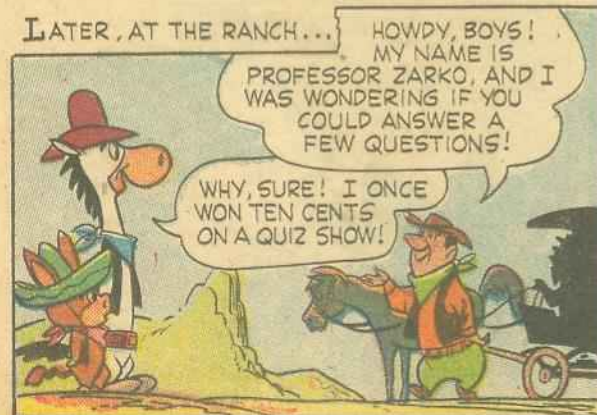
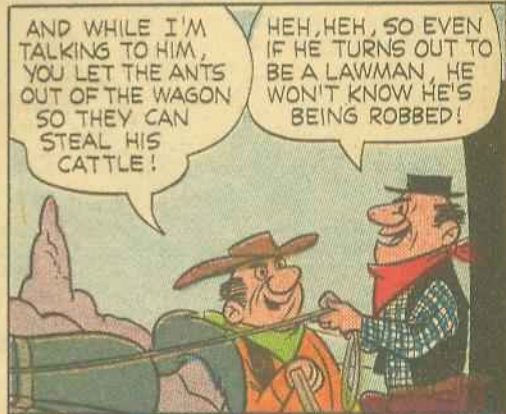




LATER...

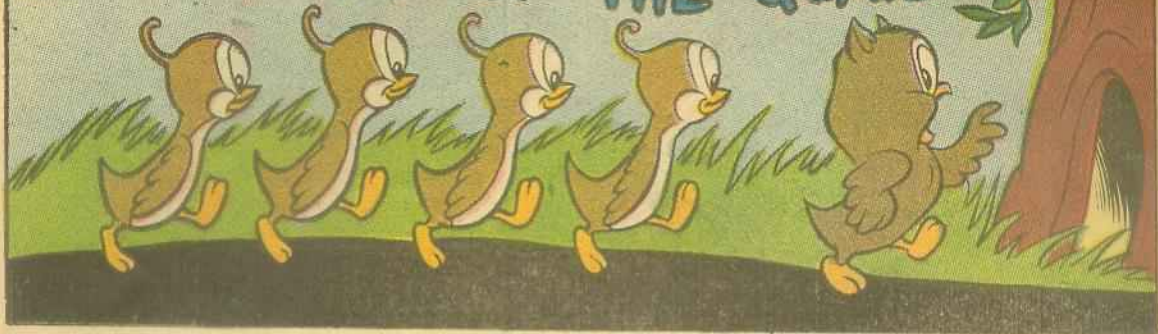


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT...





ON THE TRAIL OF THE QUAIL



Mrs. Quail scurried down the forest trail creating a small whirlwind of flying leaves as she ran toward the hollow tree where the Wise Old Owl lived with his son, Little Hoot.

"Mr. Owl! Mr. Owl!" she clucked, "oh, please help me! My babies are lost!"

"Whooo, me?" Little Hoot replied in surprise before he realized that Mrs. Quail had mistaken him for his father, the Wise Old Owl.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Quail exclaimed when she saw she was talking to such a small owl. "You're not the Wise Old Owl."

"But I'm a Wise Young Owl!" Little Hoot assured her proudly, "and I'll be glad to help you find your babies."

"Do you really think you could find my lost boys? You're not much older than they are," she worried. "Oh, I do wish that the Wise Old Owl was home," she wailed.

"There, there, Mrs. Quail," Little Hoot soothed the distraught mother, "tell me how they got lost, and I will find them."

"We were headed for the big clearing, the one with the fallen log," she explained. "One minute they were right behind me and the next, they were gone. I just know something terrible has happened. They always stay right in line behind me," she sobbed.

"I know the place," Little Hoot nodded. "You just wait right here and I'll bring them back before you know it," Little Hoot promised as he hurried off.

"I'll search for them scientifically, just like Father taught me, so first I'll look for clues," Little Hoot muttered to himself as he headed for the clearing.

"Aha," he hooted out loud, "a broken twig. And foot prints in the soft dirt," he noticed, walking around the clearing. "Mmmm, they all seem to have disappeared now, and all in

different directions."

Little Hoot sat down on the fallen log to think. "If I were a little quail, where would I go? They always follow the leader," he mused. "Hey! I'll bet that's it! They got tired of playing 'follow the leader' and are probably playing some more exciting game. That would certainly explain the separate trails," he reasoned.

"Ally, ally, out in free!" Little Hoot hooted as loud as he could.

A minute later, the first little quail appeared from under a thicket. Then two others came out from behind a nearby tree, and the last little quail popped out of the hollow log Little Hoot was sitting on.

"What's the idea of spoiling our game?" they asked when they saw that it was Little Hoot who had called the end of the game.

"Your mother is worried," Little Hoot scolded gently. "I came to take you back."

"Gee," they all cheeped, "we didn't mean to worry her. We only wanted to have a little fun. We get tired of 'follow the leader.'"

"Well, I know a game that will be fun and still won't worry your mother," Little Hoot asserted as he gathered the quails around him and explained the plan.

"Hurrah! We can be soldiers. That sounds like fun," they cheered.

"All right! Ready!" Little Hoot called when the four quails were in line behind him. "Hoot, two, three, four! Hoot, two, three, four," he hooted as he marched ahead of them and led his happy army back to their anxious mother.

"Little Hoot, you really are a Wise Little Owl," Mrs. Quail thanked him happily.

"Oh, it was nothing, Mrs. Quail. Mere child's play," Little Hoot laughed modestly.

QUICK DRAW
MCGRAW

WELL POSTED





WE BETTER GET OVER TO THE TOWN PRINT SHOP! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

I *THOUGHT* WE LOOKED FAMILIAR!



HI, SHERIFF! WHAT'S COOKING?

I AM! *BOILING MAD*, THAT IS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



YIPE! THAT ISN'T THE PICTURE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON THAT POSTER!

DOGGONE RIGHT! BAB AND I HAVEN'T COMMITTED ANY CRIMES!

WANTED!

\$500.00 REWARD!

UNLESS YOU COUNT DOUBLE PARKING!



I JUST GOT MIXED UP! YOUR PICTURE WAS GOING IN THE PAPER TODAY AND I RAN IT ON THIS POSTER INSTEAD!

HAVE YOU SENT ANY OUT?



I'M AFRAID SO! I JUST SENT A BATCH OF FIVE HUNDRED TO SADDLE CITY!

(ULP!) SADDLE CITY...THE COUNTY SEAT! WE BETTER GET OVER THERE QUICK!



SHORTLY...

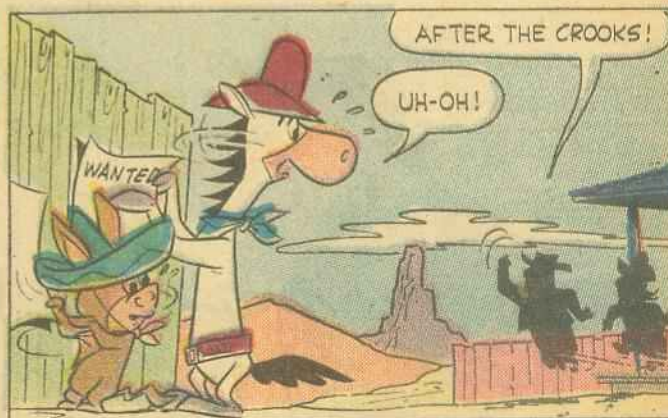
TOO LATE, QUEEKSTRAW! THE POSTERS ARE ALREADY UP!

WELL, LET'S START GETTING THEM DOWN!



SAY, THOSE TWO FELLERS ARE TAKING DOWN A REWARD POSTER!

NO WONDER! THEIR PICTURE IS ON IT!



AFTER THE CROOKS!

UH-OH!





AUGIE DOGGIE

BIG TOP POP

OH, BOY! THE CIRCUS
WILL BE IN TOWN TODAY!

I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO
SEE IT!

I'M GOING HOME
AND ASK MY DAD
TO TAKE ME!

CIRCUS
TODAY



HI, DADDY OF DADDIES!
WILL YOU TAKE ME
TO THE CIRCUS?

WHEN DOES IT
START, AUGIE,
MY BOY?

REAL SOON NOW!
COME ON, OR WE'LL
BE LATE!

OKAY, SON! LET'S
GO! BUT REMEMBER,
YOU ONLY GET ONE
BAG OF PEANUTS!

SOON...

THAT'LL BE
FIVE DOLLARS
A TICKET!

HEH, HEH! FIVE
DOLLARS! HE
MUST BE A
CLOWN, AUGIE!

NO, DAD!
I THINK
HE MEANS
IT!

SORRY, FOLKS! BUT IT'S FIVE DOLLARS
A TICKET! NO TICKET, NO CIRCUS!
THAT'S THE WAY THE
BIG TOP SPINS!

LET'S HAVE
A CONFERENCE,
AUGIE!





WUMP!





Commander Jets says:
 ["Hey kids, they're jet-fast"]

SuperJets

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ARCH-GARD®
 Cushions the foot at all 3 vital points

Red Ball

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 Please send me Hammond's Guide to Space Exploration. I enclose 25¢ in coin.

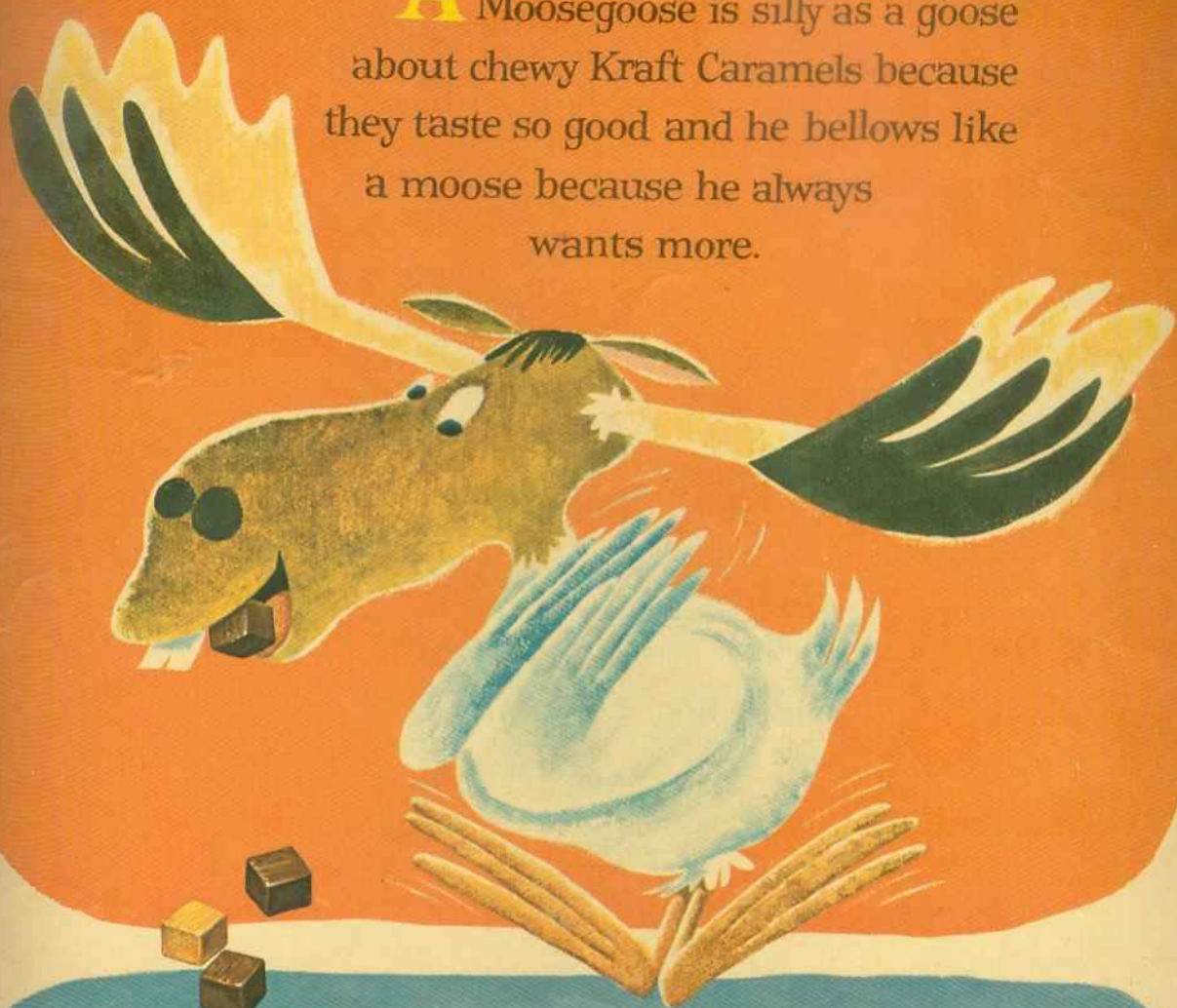
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LOOK KIDS! Get Commander Jets
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 • printed in full color • 29 in. by 42 in. • crammed with outer space facts

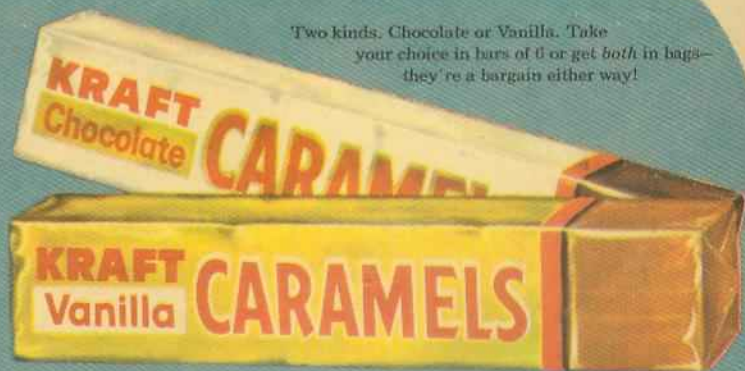
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Red Ball Jets
 By Ball-Band, Mishawaka, Ind.

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Caramels like
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